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Newlin

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If
We
Gold



If I Were Gold

By O. Allan Newlin

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BY

O. A. NEWLIN

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*To My FATHER and MOTHER,
who taught me the art of right living,
under whose counsel I grew to manhood
environed by the love of a happy home,
this book is dedicated with gratitude.*

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If I Were Gold

IF I WERE GOLD

If I were fire I 'd send my flame
The frigid northland to reclaim ;
I 'd drive back chill and warm its clime,
Bring it the "good old summer time."
I 'd warm the poor man's winter hearth
And make one garden of the earth,
If I were fire.

If I were wind I 'd help to waft
Safe into harbor every craft ;
Would send a breeze when summer's heat
Was killing men in field and street ;
I 'd cool the fevered brow and eyes,
Make of this earth one paradise,
If I were wind.

If I were water I would flow
To every region here below ;
The desert I would cause to yield
A fruitful harvest as a field.
I 'd turn the mill-wheel, yes, but first
I 'd seek to slake all burning thirst,
If I were water.

If I were gold I first would feed
The hungry ; then supply each need ;
I 'd send my gifts to every land,
Beneficent would be my hand ;
From living death the poor relieve ---
Do more than hope could e'er conceive,
If I were gold.

I am but man, yet I may love
And show the image from above
Which I possess. What wish I more!
If God my heart would fain adore,
And hold in love man's brotherhood,
There is no other gift as good
As that of love

Yes I may love. And if I should
Now love alike the bad and good,
Some frigid northland heart would warm,
Some sea-tossed heart evade the storm,
Some desert heart with bloom unfold
And seek for love instead of gold,
Then I will love.

If I were fire I might not warm;
If I were wind I might be storm;
If I were water, might destroy;
If I were gold, might but annoy.
But being man and having love,
May help a thousand live above,
Lord, help me love

If I Were Gold

THE WATER-LILY

Oh queen of the valley and river,
Oh marvel of color and form,
Thou emblem of Heaven's true graces,
What covert hast thou from the storm ?
As white as the wings of an angel,
What hast thou in common with earth ?
As pure as the dew of the morning ;
Pray, tell of thy glorious birth.

" Think not that I came down from Heaven ;
This robe of immaculate white
Is product of soil and of sunshine,
That silently grew day and night.
The ooze at the bend of the river,
The gentle and lazy-like flow
Unite in according me welcome
To grow as a lily would grow."

The soul should be white like the lily ;
No sin should its beauty efface ;
It then would be fitted for Heaven,
To enter the holiest place ;
But since every soul has been darkened,
Perhaps it is Heaven's intent
To teach us our need of God's cleansing
By many white lilies he sent.

We learn from the white water-lily
This lesson so simple and true :
The life more abundant descends not,
But grows when begotten anew.
Yes, into His image and likeness
It grows to adorn a dark place ;
So then to be pure like the lily
We need but his favor and grace.

IN THE WOODS

How sweet the breeze beneath the trees
When summer days are fair,
When sunbeams play and branches sway,
When balmy is the air.

I love to see a honey-bee
Bedight with colors meet,
A busy thing of tireless wing,
When storing up his sweet ;

To see and hear the mottled deer
Go bounding through the brush,
And hear above the cooing dove,
The warbling of the thrush.

O happy hours among the flowers!
Their mystic creed, who knows?
Why lilies grow as white as snow,
And why so red the rose?

Rippling crooks of woodland brooks
Still murmur soft and low ;
A store of gold the woods unfold,
Their treasured gifts bestow.

The plain, the hill, the dancing rill,
The daisy at my feet,
The hawthorn bud as red as blood,
With perfume rare and sweet.

O happy state ! these joys elate
While lying on the sod.

Whoso has been to nature kin
Must needs be close to God,

For lark and wren and woodland glen,
The spreading ivy vine,
Sing but one song the whole day long ---
" Our Maker is divine."

If I Were Gold

NEGLECTED LOVE

Your heart once beat within your breast,
In thought of one you loved the best,
A love that often was confessed

Long years ago.

Forbid that cares of married life,
Forbid that toil of business life
E'er chill your love ; you love your wife,
Then tell her so.

When she was young and knew no care,
Her form was graceful, face was fair,
Your love of her would fill the air

Long years ago.

Now prove to her you ne'er forget
Your bond and vow in marriage set ;
As you loved her then you love her yet,
Then tell her so.

For in her youth and winsome days,
When other suitors offered praise,
You won her by your charming ways

Long years ago.

But now some days are dark and blue,
And she has troubles same as you ;
So, brother, if your love is true,
Then tell her so.

In former days you praised her style,
Would greet her with a kiss and smile,
Confessed your love each little while,

Long years ago.

She left fond parents shedding tears
To walk with you down through the years,
But now of love she never hears,

O, tell her so.

No angel could have been more true
Than she has been these years to you ---
Remember how you used to do

Long years ago.

Embrace her now; repeat her name;
Imprint a kiss; confess your shame;
Your heart of love to her proclaim;

Do tell her so.

God pity her whom love deceives!
You promised figs and brought but leaves.
You promised her love's golden sheaves

Long years ago.

"Neglected love" shows in her face;
She's been to you as true as grace;
No one on earth can take her place;

Go, tell her so.

If I Were Gold

POOR OLD DAD

Poets write today of one thing
And tomorrow of another,
But we find them all quite often
Writing lines in praise of mother,
Good and bad.
So they praise and laud our mothers
'Till a halo 'bout them shine,
But of father true and loyal
They have not a single line.
Poor old dad.

Do they really mean to slight him
When they write their lines of praise ?
Do they offer as their reason
That they do not like his ways ?
Are they bad ?
No, it isn't willful in them ---
Those who have the art to write ---
That they have no praise for father
Is a careless oversight.
Poor old dad.

True our mothers watched above us
'Till we all were fast asleep ;
Stood at midnight o'er the cradle
With devotion full and deep,
All she had ;
But our fathers had no picnic
In the night when children cried,
And through heat and cold they labored
Life's essentials to provide.
Poor old dad.

Mother moves in social circles ;
Wears a hat of latest trim,
And the suit that father bought her,
But she seldom thinks of him
Poorly clad,
While he toils to pay the grocer,
Wears his coat with raveled sleeves,
Wears his hat of many summers
And his sad heart often grieves.
Poor old dad.

Do not take one line from mother
When you write the soul sweet song,
But put in a word for father
Now and then ; it won't be wrong ---
Make him glad ;
For he 's old and bent and feeble,
And his soul desires to hear
Just one kind appreciation ;
How it would his sad heart cheer !
Poor old dad.

If I Were Gold

WHAT DO YOU NEED?

What do you need, O heart of mine,
Good fortune you to bring ?
Life is a fast when you repine,
A banquet when you sing.
Because your wants are manifold
You need not be denied ;
If they seem best, when once are told,
The last shall be supplied.

What first I need is a helpmate
Affectionate and true
To solace all the woes of fate,
In troubles help me through ;
One who of grace does much possess
With industry combined,
In all my faults still to caress
With love that is refined.

I need a friend that 's true when tried,
The adverse hour to cheer ;
Yes, one in whom I may confide
A secret, hope, or fear ;
A friend to chide as well as praise,
To see my inmost soul,
To help me in a thousand ways
At last to reach the goal.

I need of wealth no such vast hoard
As thousands seek in vain ;
Enough few comforts to afford,
I need no greater gain.
I need a heart beneficent,
A mind to comprehend
That gold to me is only lent,
Not fully mine to spend.

I need the genius to perceive
Some good in every man ;
I need the courage to relieve
Oppression where I can ;
I need my judgment from within
To keep me in the right ;
My conscience keen, all known sin
To shun as deadly blight.

I need a life to be well spent ---
I trust it may be long ---
And all my days filled with content,
And all my nights with song.
I need the mercies of my God,
His presence hour by hour ;
I need submission to His rod ;
I need His peace and power.

If I Were Gold

WISHING AND POSSESSING

We seldom have a wish come true,
But still we keep on wishing
Like him, who, with one bite or two,
Continues hours at fishing.
But wishing is not idle play,
If we do not abuse it ;
'T will help us reach our goal some day,
If we but rightly use it.

I wish, though prompted not by greed,
My purse were ten-fold fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
Not hope my pride to flatter ;
I 'd give the hungry one square meal,
The best that gold could make it ;
And break the tyrant's rod of steel,
If I with gold could break it.

I wish that sympathy and love
And every human passion
Might have their origin above,
And change our sinful fashion ;
Then peace of mind we all would keep,
For every base emotion
We 'd cast forever in the deep,
Beneath the waves of ocean.

I wish that friends were always true
And free from all deception ;
I wish the rules for good we knew
Were free from all exception ;
That parsons, too, would ne'er forget
To heed their pious teaching ;
I wish that practising were not
More difficult than preaching.

I wish that modest worth might be
Appraised with truth and candor ;
I wish the innocent were free
From false reports and slander ;
I wish men would their business mind
And meddle not with others ;
I wish we loved all human kind
As if they were our brothers.

I wish, in fine, that joy and mirth
Were like a holy leaven,
To change this melancholy earth
And make it most like Heaven ;
Then God would every creature bless
With his supremest blessing ;
Hope lose itself in happiness,
And wishing in possessing.

If I Were Gold

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE

When heroes return from the battle,
We publish their coming abroad,
Confering on them all the honor,
All tongues do their bravery laud ;
A banquet we spread at their coming,
Our statesmen all meet in array
Recording their names with the honored,
And gallant indeed the display.

Few knew of these men before battle,
They never were known as brave;
Henceforth we will honor the living,
And hallow the dead at the grave.
They feared not the foe when confronted,
They captured the spoil in the lea ;
We rightfully give them the honors,
The brave and true sons of the free.

So he who must battle for comfort,
With poverty full in his face,
And rises to fame from the hovel,
And proves himself worthy the place,
Deserves all the praise of a hero,
His battles were drastic indeed,
For great is the man born in squalor
And rises in life to succeed.

Or he who is left without parents,
No home with its helpful advice,
Has battles to fight even harder,
To win them we credit him twice ;
The boy or the girl that is homeless,
Who pushes to front in the end,
Is worthy the praise of the victor,
Full honor his efforts attend.

Or he who has parents so worthless
That give to him little but shame,
Who proves by his deeds he is worthy
To have and to hold a good name ;
His battles we know are not easy,
We call him the brave and the true,
Give praise to whom praise is deserving,
And honor to whom it is due.

If I Were Gold

FOUND OUT

There was a shrewd baker,
As good as e'er found ;
His bread and his cookies
Were evenly browned ;
His pies were the best ever made ;
He had a most excellent trade :
His loaves were all equal,
He said weighed a pound.

A farmer came daily
To buy of his bread ;
He came without money,
Gave butter instead,
One pound to each print it was sold ;
'T was fresh and as yellow as gold ;
His cows were all Jersies
And well were they fed.

The baker suspicioned ---
Yet meaning no harm ---
His weights did examine,
And met with alarm ---
Each print five ounces was short ;
At once he resolved to resort
To court ; sue for justice
The man from the farm.

The farmer was summoned
At once to appear
And count for his cheating
For more than a year.
And when the day came " big with fate "
Men flocked to the court-room sedate :
The facts all the neighbors
Were anxious to hear.

With farmer and baker
And witnesses there,
The lawyers and jurors,
The judge in the chair,
The farmer was called to the stand
And sworn with an uplifted hand,
And then in plain language
The truth did declare.

"I hain't got no steelyards,"
Said he, "but instead
I used with this balance
His pound loaf of bread.
I thought he was honest in weight,
And gave him my prints at his rate."
All looked at the baker
And down went his head.

The jury reported,
Agreed to the man.
I'll give you their verdict
As near as I can :
"The baker indeed is a cheat ;
The measure with which he did mete,
This farmer has measured
To him back again."

If I Were Gold

JUST KEEP HOLDIN' ON

Sometimes the wind blows cold and strong,
 But just keep holdin' on ;
Sometimes the road is rough and long,
 But just keep holdin' on ;
So just keep holdin' on, I say,
Hold fast, let come what will or may,
You 'll reach your goal sometime, some way,
 By just keep holdin' on.

Sometimes the black clouds fill the sky,
 But just keep holdin' on ;
Sometimes the waves roll fierce and high,
 But just keep holdin' on ;
So just keep holdin' on, my friend,
Hold fast, the port waits at the end,
If you to strength your courage lend
 By just keep holdin' on.

Sometimes 'tis dark and thunders roll,
 But just keep holdin' on ;
Sometimes big doubts will fill the soul,
 But just keep holdin' on ;
So just keep holdin' tight what's best,
Hold fast whatever be the test,
Don't lose your grip nor stop to rest,
 But just keep holdin' on.

Sometimes the heat becomes intense,
 But just keep holdin' on ;
Sometimes you meet with great expense,
 But just keep holdin' on ;
So just keep holdin' on, hold tight,
Hold fast from early morn till night,
Don't lose your grip on what is right,
 But just keep holdin' on.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF YORE

I like the ways of good old days,
The days when we were youthful,
When human-kind were of pure mind
And speech and deeds were truthful.

Before men sold themselves for gold
To gratify their passion,
Before each dame and maid became
A slave to foolish fashion.

When men were smart and clean of heart
And great in deeds of valor,
They rose to fame and made a name
Though born in want and squalor.

The grass was sweet to their bare feet
When wading through the clover ;
Down by the mill the whip-poor-will
His night-song echoed over.

The quaint old ways of by-gone days
Reflect a radiant glory ;
But to the youth instead of truth
They seem an idle story.

The Pilgrim band subdued the land
And built a mighty nation ;
They braved the sea, sought liberty
With holy expectation.

The present hour we are the power
That moves the world at pleasure ;
We know at length wherein is strength,
That righteousness is treasure.

We talk in rhymes of good old times
But think the days e'en fonder ;
Our pleasant dreams bring vivid gleams
Of *Heaven* over yonder.

If I Were Gold

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

The world's great men of ages past
Who wrought on land and sea,
Whate'er their race, their trade or caste,
Were mortal men as we.

The bloom of youth adorned their cheek,
Their noon of life was blessed ;
Strong grew the soul, faint the physique,
When life's sun hastened west.

Their joy and grief and hopes and fears,
Their bounding pulse and frame,
Their bliss and woe, and smiles and tears,
And ours are much the same.

They suffered much that now betide
Descendants of their race ---
Had friends to cheer and foes to chide ;
Had kin to bring disgrace.

They met their fortune and their fate,
Their scepter was the rod ;
Alas ! they died, were laid in state,
Then went to meet their God.

The annals of the human race
Record the course of men ;
The one great thought we all must face
Is: After death, what then ?

May we our best endeavor give
To gain the "Bye and bye" ;
For 'tis not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

THE FADED ROSE

All the roses now are faded,
All their glories shed ;
Those that cruel hands evaded
Drooped when summer's heat invaded
Till they, too, were dead.

Everywhere sere leaves are drifted,
Golden, gray and brown ;
Leaves with beauty once so gifted,
By soft breezes often sifted,
All in turn came down.

So I read in history's pages,
Great things done and said
By the men of former ages ---
Soldiers, statesmen, authors, sages ---
And they, too, are dead.

But the rose that love presented
Sweeter grows each day,
And with age 'tis richer scented,
Fate's sad end has been prevented ---
It will ne'er decay.

Forest leaves indeed are blighted
With the autumn sheen,
But the leaf of truth united
Faith and hope, my soul delighted,
And 'tis evergreen.

So the life of love ne'er fadeth
With the body's dust ;
And the life of truth still aideth,
Generations it persuadeth
Still in God to trust.

WHEN LOVE FILLS THE HEART

When motives of life
Are centered in love,
And jealousies vanish away,
The stars brighter shine
In heaven above,
The sun shines brighter by day.
We speak in kind words
To man, beast and birds,
Bid all that is evil depart ;
The world moves along
With cheer and with song,
We're happy
When love fills the heart.

When love fills the heart
In generous flow
Will millions now hoarded by greed,
Like angels of cheer,
To lowly ones go
To bless all the worthy in need ;
To end all the strife
In the battle of life,
Make living indeed a fine art ;
Then none will surpass
In rank or in class ---
We're equal
When love fills the heart.

When love fills the heart
 With heavenly peace,
Then grievings forgotten shall be ;
 All malice will die
 And envy will cease,
And man will be happy and free ;
 Then love that is real
 To duty will kneel,
To finish as well as to start ;
 Good deeds like the flowers
 In sweet bridal bowers
 Will blossom
When love fills the heart.

If I Were Gold

TRUE GREATNESS

The summer day was warm and still,
 Fatigued from toil and heat
I sought me out a woodland hill
 That marked a stream's retreat ;
The song of bird was hushed ere while ;
 The sun burned from the sky ;
The rill's sad plaint did me beguile
 While on the grass lay I.

I fell asleep, and in my dream
 The rill beneath me said :
" I fain would be a mountain stream,
 But am a brook instead.
If winter snows were but my source,
 Contented I would be,
Have other streams augment my force
 As I approached the sea.

" I then would bid the ships of trade
 Upon my bosom glide,
Would give my strength to human aid
 Until I reached the tide.
Alas ! alas ! " the brooklet said,
 " I am of use to none ;
I may as well indeed be dead
 As on forever run."

My soul could not its silence keep
But ventured this reply :
" You have no cause for which to weep,
Much less to wish to die.
Oh, silver streamlet, oft' unseen,
Hid 'neath thy shade from view,
No mountain stream is more serene,
None lovelier than you !

" Go on thy course through flowery mead,
And now through fields of grain ;
Go where the drowsy cattle feed :
Thou art the farmers' gain.
Flow by the churchyard where the stones
Tell of our friends that sleep ;
Thy murmur and thy plaintive tones
Will heal the hearts that weep.

" Flow by the school-house where the young
At youthful games of play
Repeat the songs that you have sung
While gliding on your way ;
Flow on and bless the little town,
Bless all between thy hills ;
Flow on, a little farther down
Thy flow will turn the mills.

" And may thy course thy power express,
That all who will may read
And deem thy trophies in excess
To streams that mountains feed.
Not flow alone will give streams rank,
Nor yet their floating barge ;
'Tis what I find along thy bank
That I would call thee large."

If I Were Gold

"I thank thee for thy words, good soul ;
Thou hast been here before ;
Dost thou another's lot extoll
And thine own state deplore ?
I know thy murmurings of late,
And how thou dost repine ;
Why is it thou thy station hate,
Since it is much like mine ?

"Thou fain would be a man of note,
A man of high degree ;
Permit me then to softly quote
What thou hast said to me :
Thou art a stranger unto fame,
Much less a man renowned ;
Thou hast no affix to thy name ---
Yet thou art kingly crowned.

"True manhood is the test of worth,
True virtue in the soul ;
All men are great, at least at birth,
But few have self-control.
The Perfect One came but to serve,
A King without a throne ;
Those nearest like Him now deserve
As truly great be known."

MR. SCHMIDT ON "TANGLE-FOOT"

Now Peckey vas my vife, you know ;
Von day she pake some pies,
An' den she say : " Now, Pether dear,
Do somethin' mit dose flies."
Our schreens ve ain't got none, you know
An' vot skeether-bar ve hat,
Ve coover mit der papy up ---
He vas von pright, schveet lat.

Dose flies --- vell now vot vill me do ;
My Peckey vos so goot ?
An den I tough't o' vot I heert
Apout dot dangle-foot.
I vent me zu der grocer man
An' dells him pout dose flies :
He gifs me some dot dangle-foot
So ve ken pake dose pies.

All rount I shpreat dem sticky scheets,
An' Peckey laff, an' say :
" Vy, Pether ! vot mit dot you do ?
Vill dot skeer flies away ? "
I say, " I guess it mapy vill."
' Pout den von ob dem flies
Vas vaded in dot dangle-foot,
Clear up mit his two eyes.

Den Peckey laff so lout an' say :
" O, see his dangled feet ! "
Alrety vas von doozen coom
To share mit him der schveet :
Sich pullin' mit der legs dey did,
I nefer yit did see ;
A-flappin' of der tiny vings,
An' puzzin' like der pee.

If I Were Gold

Now Peckey she some more did laff
An' holded good her side,
An' dar I stood a-thinkin' pout
How quick dose flies vos dite !
More yit vos all time coomin' dar
A-hankerin' fur dot schveet ;
Dey climp der neighpors ofer den
An' pe mit dangled feet.

An' den, ven efen time vos coom,
Ve eat dose apple pies ;
Ve caught apout a pushel full
O' dangle-footed flies.
Dot night ven I vas so deat schleep,
Mit dreams so very clear,
I see dose flies a-kickin' still,
Der buzzin', too, I hear.

An' den I tink, " O foolish flies !
Vy don't dey see der fate
An' keep away dot dangle-foot,
Pefore dey pe too late !
Dey must pe pline ur dey ken see
Der neighpors vot pe det !
But still dey keep a-coomin' fast
Till dey vos in dot sphret.

I heart von angel py my pet
Say : " Pether Schmidt ! " an' den
He sait : " Dem flies vot you haf see
Vas images of men.
De defil puts his dangle-foot,
Sphret ofer mit his schveet,
All' rount ver peeples pe
To dangle up der feet."

An den I see dot dangle-foot
So pig I nefer see ;
Der vos so many peeples caught
As fast as fast could pe.
I see der defil porin' on
His temptin', stickin' schveet ;
I see some shildren, at der play,
Git in it mit der feet.

I heert der breecher vornin' frum
Der bulpit, an' he set :
Dot ve vos all in dangle-foot
De defil vos got spret.
I feel my feet a-stickin' den
An' kick mit all my might :
An' Peckey she say : " Pether dear,
Vot makes you kick to-night ? "

It vaked me up so awful skeert
I tought I so vould die,
An since dot night I try to pe
Some viser dan der fly.
So it vould pe a plessed ting
If efery von vould see
A sermont in dot dangle-foot,
An' git skeert up like me.

Dey'd put away der vickid vays,
An' pray der Lord fur grace,
An' keep away frum dangle-foot
In efery vickid place.
Fur de piggest, deepest sermont yit
Vot Pether efer heert
Vos ven he dreamed o' dangle-foot,
An' vaked up vonce so skeert.

If I Were Gold

THE MESSAGE OF AUTUMN

I've a sort o' solemn feelin'
Of these melancholy days,
When the leaves ar' brown an' golden
An' invite a feller's gaze.
When the hic'ry nuts ar' fallin',
An' the walnuts turnin' black,
When I've been a-hazel-nuttin'
An' have filled a gunny sack ;
When the last pawpaw is eaten
That grewed down in the wood,
An' I fill up on persimmons
That ar' gittin' kind o' good ;
When I stop to crack a walnut
On a big old chestnut stump,
An' I hear the squirrels barkin'
An' ken see 'em run an' jump ;
An' I hear the quails a-whistlin'
Frum the spreadin' bitter-sweet,
Hear the hogs a-crackin' acorns
Fur to git their dainty meat ;
Then there ain't no use a-talkin'
'Bout the things I hear an' see,
It's a melancholy feelin'
That the autumn brings to me.

I've a sort o' solemn feelin'
Of these melancholy days,
When I go to dig my parsnips
An' to husk the ripened maize ;
When I go to pull my turnips
In the corner of the field,
An' to gather in my pumpkins
That have made a rousin' yield ;
When I go to dig my taters
An' to heap 'em in a pile ;

If I Were Gold

When I'm sortin' out the bad ones,
Lest they all the others spile ;
When I'm pickin' off the apples
From the spreadin', leafless trees
That have stood the storms of summer,
An' defied the frost an' freeze ;
When I go to make my 'lasses
Frum my little patch o' cane,
An' can't help but stop an' figger
On my summer's loss an' gain ;
There is jist no use a-talkin',
When I'm figgerin' as I do,
I 've a melancholy feelin' ;
Did it ever come to you ?

Of this sort o' solemn feelin'
Of these melancholy days
I have tried to know the meanin'---
Have decided many ways,
But my views have all been altered
As the years have come an' went :
Now I see jist what our Maker
By these somber days has meant ;
Fur my spring has passed to summer,
An' my summer passed to fall ;
I have been at spring's full fountain,
Drank its sweetness an' its gall ;
I have plucked its sweetest roses
An' have strown them on the grass ;
I have trampled down its daisies
That I might more eas'ly pass ;
I 've endured the heat of summer,
Borne its burdens an' its care,
Faced its storms an' met its failures,
Of its bounties had my share ;

If I Were Gold

When I stop to think life over ---
Of its spring an' summer, too ---
I've a melancholy feelin':
Does it ever come to you?

I've a sort o' solemn feelin'
Of these melancholy days,
When I come to face life's autumn
With its weary, broken ways:
It brings aching to my body
An' impedes my youthful gate,
Dulls my hearin', dims my vision,
Gives instead its sans estate.
Yet 'tis not a heartless tyrant
With a deadly sword in hand;
We would welcome thrice his comin'
If we could but understand.
What the year if all were summer?
All were spring and none were fall?
What the life if all were manhood?
All were youth an' that were all?
So I welcome now life's autumn
As my summer days depart ---
Bid that melancholy feelin'
To forever leave my heart;
Fur there's One who all good knoweth,
An' He doeth best fur all;
He has made life's spring an summer,
An' He, too, has made its fall.

DOING

Don't tell Him what you choose to do,
And how you choose to do it,
Nor boast of what you used to do,
And how you used to do it.

Don't tell Him what you could not do,
And why you could not do it ;
Much less that which you would not do,
And why you would not do it.

But tell him what you've seen to do,
If you intend to do it ;
Tell what you really mean to do,
And when you mean to do it.

The very thing you ought to do ---
And you're the one to do it ---
Is that good thing you thought to do,
And now's the time to do it.

If I Were Gold

RIVALS FOR THE THRONE

Queen Spring came so silently up to her throne,
So quiet and modest her train,
Her majesty scarcely would have been known,
Except for her warm showers of rain.

No sooner was given her scepter of might,
And lawfully placed in command,
Until she was gallantly armed for the fight,
To banish King Winter from land.

He laughed at the feminine efforts she made,
And thought her so very unwise ;
But forth into battle with countless brigade,
She captured the King by surprise.

Returning in victory, gathered the spoil
King Winter had hid by his snow ;
'Twas seed, and she scattered it over the soil,
And said, "I will now make it grow."

She called on the Sun-god to help with his heat ;
She asked the soft breezes to blow ;
Some thought that this task she would never
complete ---
She worked with such pains and so slow.

Her plans were so sly none e'er could expect
To know them until they were seen.
When first it was noticed her work had effect,
The earth had a "carpet of green."

If I Were Gold

The air now astir full of insects and bees;
The shepherds are out with their herds;
Sweet blossoms appearing on all of the trees;
Oh, hear the glad songs of the birds!

The geese from the south may be seen overhead;
The groundhog and beaver appear;
We see signs of life in the things we thought
dead;
Oh, happiest day of the year!

She silently works through the day and the night,
And thus doth all nature beguile;
She fills every heart full of joy and delight;
She works with a will and a smile.

She wins everywhere, makes alive everything;
Her banner is emerald green:
We crown, then, the sweetest of seasons --- the
Spring ---
The dearest and loveliest Queen.

Queen Spring formed alliance with Summer, a
queen
Who ruled o'er a mighty domain.
Uniting their forces --- no conflicts between ---
They greatly increased their good reign.

No foe dare assail them or progress retard;
Sagacious and just were their plans.
Their rule is both just and is held in regard
At home and in far away lands.

They painted the cheeks of the berry and peach;
They perfumed and colored the rose;
Invited their subjects all down to the beach
To bathe in the warm tide that flows.

If I Were Gold

The forests and rivers adorn the landscape ;
The prairies are laden with grain ;
They give to the lily its luster and shape ---
They give, but their giving is gain.

Though always adorning, none call it their pride,
Not pride that is haughty and base ;
Thus defect and blemish they constantly hide
And substitute beauty and grace.

Both kind to their allies and just to their foes ;
They rule with precision and skill ;
We see the beneficence which they bestow
In greensward, forest and hill.

All hail to the beautiful Queens on the throne !
For they our oppression subdue ;
Their wide-spread dominion we ne'er will disown,
Dominion so honest and true.

We'll lift up our voices by night and by day,
The praise of allegiance we'll give.
In joyous acclaim we will hail you today ---
Long live, Sister Queens, long live !

Then Autumn, a Czar, with a prejudiced heart,
Decided that he would invade
The land of the Queens, fearing not their ram-
part,
For shrewd were the plans that he laid.

He came creeping down like a thief in the night ;
He made not a threat'ning pretense ;
Then marched through the land, nor deigning
to fight,
Lest they should prepare a defence.

If I Were Gold

They thought him not hostile, much less a fierce
foe ;

He helped them somewhat with their work,
Maturing the harvest that they had made grow ;
Thus he in their province did lurk.

Then up rose in anger, unsheathing his sword,
This grim rustic Czar of the Fall,
And slew the last blossom of Summer's vast
horde ---
Brought death and disaster to all.

Attacking these Queens so recently crowned,
The footprints he left were the frost ;
Their banners and emblems he cut to the ground ;
Thus all of the battles they lost.

This heartless intruder ne'er suffered defeat,
Though sometimes was made to turn 'round ;
He mustered his forces the charge to repeat ---
No general more wise could be found.

He marched through their valleys, left death in
his trail ;
Their forests gave forth a dull hue ;
The Queens gave defence, though with no avail ;
Alas ! how his forces now grew !

He always would pitch his fierce battles at night,
Withdraw at the breaking of day ;
Entrenched in his ambush and hidden from sight,
Prepared to renew his fierce fray.

He paid a dear price for the victories gained ;
The progress for him was too slow ;
So vast was the kingdoms o'er which the Queens
reigned
Much time he would need to o'erthrow.

If I Were Gold

Determined he now would have help for the
fight,

He hied him away, we are told,
To neighbor, King Winter, who loaned him at
sight,
His snow, dashing sleet, and his cold.

King Winter came storming to aid in the charge,
So rigorous, boistrous and brave ;
Determined that he would his kingdom enlarge
By placing the Queens in their grave.

The King and the Czar, thus allied in war,
Came down like to wolves on the fold,
The beauties of Summer and Spring fain to mar,
In still, icy slumber to fold.

Wherever they marched in tempestuous might,
The Queens beat a hasty retreat :
All nature, it seemed, stood still with affright ;
The Queens met a final defeat.

Thus Autumn and Winter invaded the length
Of Spring and of Summer's domain ;
With insolent boasting and tyrannous strength,
Like despots, they set up their reign.

But even their madness a method possessed,
And beauty came forth from their blight ;
For all the bleak landscape they lavishly dressed
In robes that were spotless and white.

They, too, set to jingling the merry sleigh-bell,
And moved nature's forces at will ;
Congealed for the skater the stream in the dell,
And paved for the coaster the hill.

They came to the window with delicate touch,
And etched with their frigid ice-pen,
Pen-pictures so novel, and ornaments such
As never were fashioned by men.

And thus far and wide then the King and the
Czar
Their frigid dominion maintained ;
The Queens once enthroned stood aloof and by
far
More loudly and justly complained.

But little cared they for approval or blame ;
No matter to them what was said ;
The scepter they held until Spring again came,
Then raging and raving they fled.

THE DEACON'S COLLECTION

It was missionary Sunday,
And pastor rose to preach
On the theme of Foreign Missions,
Showing what the scriptures teach.

"Go ye, preach to every creature,"
Was the text of Parson Glend,
And he dwelt upon the "Go ye" ---
Said that all should go or send ;

Told about our heathen brothers,
Of their need of Gospel light ;
Asked us for a liberal offering,
Which, said he, was only right.

Then he called the deacons forward,
Talked with them a little while ;
Told them how to take the offering,
Giving each a special aisle.

Deacon Jones was old and feeble
And was rather deaf of late ;
So he started out a-talking,
Telling what went in the plate.

Deacon Jones was always pious,
Always faithful in his pew ;
None more highly was regarded ;
None so many people knew.

"Go ye, was our text this morning !"
Knowing not he talked aloud ,
"We will see now who is going
In this large promiscuous crowd."

If I Were Gold

Then he started the collection
In a pew of bright young men.
"Twenty cents from Billy Jackson!
Bob Perviance only ten?"

"An' the Smith boys, each a nickle!
Only forty cents from four!
An' you everyone could 'Go ye,'
Boys, you should have given more."

Mr. Simpson gave a dollar,
But his wife gave not a cent.
"That's a lookin' little better,
But you both had better went."

Judge McCormic and his family
Each one gave (perhaps with grudge).
"That might do for wife and children
If you don't include the Judge.

"He has got a salaried office
In this free an' Christian land,
An' he only helps the heathen
With a scant an' stingy hand.

"God will bless you!" he continued,
"He will bless the widow's mite!
'Spose you washed to earn that dollar,
Workin' hard from morn to night?"

"An' there's fifty cents from Bessie!
That is doin' mighty good
Fur this woman an' her daughter!
They would 'go ye' if they could."

All within the church were listening;
All was solemn, not a smile;
He continued still his talking
As he paced on up the aisle:

If I Were Gold

" You air worth ten thousand dollars,
Mr. Green, and gave but two
When you ought to give a hundred ? ---
Fur that 'go ye ' must mean you.

" You ken buy yer automobiels ;
Wear a diamond stud an' ring ;
Now to only give two dollars
Fur our missions ain't the thing.

" There, Miss Craig, you have the spirit !
You're the first to give a bill !
It's a five, too, an' a new one ---
An' you have nothing, Mrs. Hill ?

" Nother bill --- it's jist a dollar,
All unfolded, bright an' green !
Mr. Peets, the way you gave it,
Looks to me, is to be seen.

" Fifty cents frum Kitty Galbreth !
An' it never cost a thought ;
Educated, too, an' wealthy,
But I guess 'twus all she brought.

" Kitty, when you go a-shoppin',
'Spect you spend a bill ur two ?
When you substitute for 'go ye,'
Fifty cents will hardly do.

Mr. Foote, a new gold eagle !
Every child at least a dime !
An' the wife a sack o' silver !
Tithers 'go ye ' every time.

" Brother Atwood brought his check-book,
An' the check reads 'twenty-five.'
How he manages to give it
Only tithers ken contrive."

Presently I heard the deacon
As he reached his family pew :
" Well now, Mary, git your off'ring;
Children, you must have one, too.

" Wife, there ain't no use a-talkin'
Fur that ' go ye ' means us too ;
True we're gittin' old an' feeble,
But we've got our part to do.

" John an Jake have been a-coaxin'
For about a year or so ;
We have all this while forbid 'em ---
They have my consent to go.

" We are able to support 'em
An have plenty yit to live ;
' Twill be lonesome here without 'em,
But it's what I'm goin' to give."

Then the old man set the offering
Near the pulpit ; took his seat.
" My dear people," said the pastor,
As he sprung upon his feet,

" I have not done all my duty
To our brothers 'cross the sea !
I am pressed to make confession
That the ' go ye ' is for me."

Then when he again was seated,
And the choir began to sing,
Several from their pews came forward---
Came an offering to bring.

Seven years have passed to history
And today I know of three
Who are laboring in China
For the deacon's talk " Go ye."

PARSON JONES ON FREE SALVATION

Good Parson Jones he rose to preach
About de Lo'd's highway ;
Salvation am free, so he declar
Dat Jesus wants no pay.

He preached his sermon, den sot down,
But did not stop at dat ;
Said, "Brudders, sing some good ol' song
While Enoch pass de hat."

De loud amens now died away,
De bruddern drop der head,
Till Elder Parks like Peter bold
Got right up den an' said :

"Now Brudder Jones, you am so good
An' plain de troof to teach,
What do dis passin' ob de hat
All mean, de way you preach ?"

"I dun suppose you understood.
Dis troof I make mo' plain.
Now spose de days am hot an' dry,
De good Lo'd sen' no rain,

"Yo' wells git low an' den go dry
An' yo' mo' fursty be;
De good ol' ribber flows near by ---
Has watah dat am free;

"But brudders, when you want a drink
You to de ribber go,
Unless you pipe it to de house,
But pipin' calls fo' 'dough.'

"Life's ribber, too, am free to all
Dat drinks his fill darat ;
But I's been pipin' it to you,
Dat's why we pass de hat."

IN THE OZARK HILLS

In the Ozark hills in summer,
 'Neath the walnut near the spring,
Quenching thirst with crystal water,
 Hear the woodland chorus sing!
Hear the red-bird from the white-oak,
 And the quail from under-brush!
Hear the grosbeak, wren and robin!
 Hear the blue-jay and the thrush!
Hear the tinkling of the cow-bell,
 As the herd from hill to hill
Grazes by the rippling waters
 Dancing down from rill to rill!
Hear the oft'-repeated thugging
 Of the woodman's distant axe!
Hear the rattle of the sickle
 In the ripened field of flax!
Hear the chuckle of the wagon!
 'Tis the teamster hauling logs!
Hear the hunter fire his rifle!
 Hear the barking of the dogs!
Heart of mine, we're on vacation
 Morning, noon and evening-tide!
May these scenes of Mother Nature
 In thy chambers still abide.
For when life becomes too dreary
 By the every-day routine,
I will ask you from your treasure
 For a soul-inspiring scene.
In the Ozark hills in summer!
 Hear the woodland chorus sing!
All their songs are soul-inspiring;
 Oh, what peace of mind they bring!

If I Were Gold

COMING HOME

Oh, our hearts will cease their aching,
 When the girls come home ;
They will cook and do the baking,
 When the girls come home ;
They will give new life to dining,
Pastry science thus defining ;
Give us merriment for pining,
 When the girls come home.

They will tell us of the college,
 When the girls come home ;
They will help us with their knowledge,
 When the girls come home ;
For their course has been extensive
In a school so comprehensive ;
It will cease to be expensive,
 When the girls come home.

We will hear the song of freedom
 When the boys come home ;
And we'll tell how much we need 'em,
 When the boys come home ;
We will have phonetic spelling,
Have their college songs and yelling,
And what else, there is no telling,
 When the boys come home.

We will join the glad vacation,
 When the boys come home ;
Dare we own them as relation,
 When the boys come home ?
We will hear them tell how "crony"
They would ride the path so stony
On a Greek or Latin pony,
 When the boys come home.

THE "WHIP-POO'-WILL"

When woodbine buds begin to creep,
When evening stars through purple peep,
And South-winds lull themselves to sleep,
From hawthorn bush with rich perfume,
Of spicy bud and fragrant bloom,
Both sweet in song and gay in plume,
A warbling note our heart now thrill,
That far-off, mellow "Whip-Poo'-Will."

"Who is this Will?" "What are his deeds?"
The heron cries o'er drooping reeds:
"Who knows his nest or where he feeds?"
When children frolic, filled with glee,
Hear "Whip-Poo'-Will," but cannot see,
They turn in fear and homeward flee;
They climb with haste the orchard hill,
And wonder, "What is 'Whip-Poo'-Will'?"

What child hears not this April guest ---
Strolls through the woods in daily quest
And seeks in vain to find his nest?
Where can he be so sly and sleek?
Is he just playing hide-and-seek
Among the thickets of the creek?
For when the night again is still
We hear once more his "Whip-Poo'-Will."

When lovers drive his shaded lane,
Love ballads chant with sweet refrain,
And talk of future joy and gain
With hearts o'er-full with inward bliss,
Believing none to witness this ---
Seal plighted troth with vow and kiss;
One witness there the woods to fill
With his familiar "Whip-Poo'-Will."

REVIEWING THE PAST

O time, thou art so swift in flight !
The day hard pressed by coming night,
Then night is quickly chased away ;
So " now " will soon be " yesterday."

The future we cannot decree ;
The prophet only can foresee ;
But all who wish, a glimpse may cast
Upon the sacred, silent past.

Climb now with me a creaking stair
Into a room with treasures rare,
Where cobwebs to the rafters cling
And black wasps build and crickets sing.

Dry roots and herbs lie on the floor,
The souvenirs of days of yore ;
Their spicy odor, slight decay,
Recalls the happy yesterday.

So much is here of childhood joys,
A cradle and some battered toys,
Some picture-books---how well we know
Those fairy tales of long ago !

Moth-eaten garments from the roof
Resemble ghosts --- we stand aloof ;
The days of youth we now recall
When they were new and we were small.

If I Were Gold

The speller there with faded page,
A copy-book made rich with age,
In these we find familiar names
Of those we joined in shool-yard games.

A milldewed chest we open wide ;
Remove with care the things inside ;
A tress of chestnut hair is found
That heart to heart so long has bound.

Old letters too, though full of holes,
And stained and tattered are the folds,
Yet teardrops still do plainly show
And tell of heart-throbs long ago.

Off in the atic all alone
Forget that you have older grown ;
Meet face to face the living past ;
Oh, that this scene might ever last !

Rob not this attic of its trust ;
Rob not the past of web or dust ;
It is a silent, sacred place,
This childhood attic of the race.

Go out, and softly close the door,
Leave undisturbed this treasured store
Where scenes of youth are all entwined---
This attic, friend, is but the mind.

UNCLE CY'S CONFIDENCE

There are ninety million people
In this land beneath our sun,
And there'll be five hundred million
'Fore the century is done.
There's a heap o' folks a-guessin'
What we'll do for bread and meat ;
Some have gone to prophesyin'
We will go down in defeat :
But my confidence ain't shaken,
Fur as long as we are true,
And the stars an' stripes are wavin'
We will manage to git through.

We are cuttin' down our forests,
An' are burnin' up our coal,
Gas an' oil are fast exhausted
An' monopolies control.
There's a heap o' folks a-guessin'
And possessed with awful fears ;
Some have gone to prophesyin'
We will freeze in fifty years :
But my confidence ain't shakin ---
Think what our inventors do ---
While the stars an' stripes are wavin'
We will manage to git through.

If I Were Gold

When we have a money panic
An' the banks pay only scrip,
An' we tighten up our purses
With a miser's clinchin' grip,
Puts a heap o' folks to guessin'
Where to find a little cash :
Some have gone to prophesyin'
That our country'll go to smash.
But my confidence ain't shaken
'Bout a finance "Waterloo",
While the stars an' stripes are wavin'
We will manage to git through.

Men sometimes are bought in office,
Bandits roam the hidden wild ;
When we wink at crime in diamonds,
An' kidnappers steal a child,
Puts a heap o' folks to guessin'
How to rid us of the curse ;
Some have gone to prophesyin'
That the world is growin' worse.
But my confidence ain't shaken
By the meanness of the few.
While the stars an' stripes are wavin'
We will manage to git through.

As the white plague kills its thousands
An' the hook-worm gives alarm,
An' a constant stream of aliens
Seek our coast and threaten harm,
Puts a heap o' folks to guessin'
How to steer the ship o' state ;

If I Were Gold

Some have gone to prophesyin'
We are victims of the Fate.
But my confidence ain't shaken ;
Every menace we'll subdue ;
While the stars an' stripes are wavin'
We will manage to git through.

Not in naval strength I'm trustin',
Nor in hoarded wealth rely ;
Not in mines an' fertile valleys ,
Vaulted cities to the sky.
To the arm of God extended
I with confidence approach ;
For the righteous He exaulteth,
Sin to all is a reproach.
So my confidence ain't shaken ;
Come, your faith in God renew ;
Then beneath our nation's emblem
He will lead us safely through.

For our salt ain't lost its savor
An' our light no bushels hide,
Many yet in faith are giants,
Righteousness their only guide.
I refuse to set and worry
An' to lay awake at night ;
For both providence an' science
Solve our problems out all right.
While the truth comes from the pulpit
An' an Amen from the pew,
Marchin' 'neath our nation's emblem,
God will lead us safely through.

THE SOUL'S GRATITUDE

Omega, Alpha, first and last;
Thou Holy One of ages past,
The God of cycles yet to be ---
Our hearts abound in praise to Thee.

We thank Thee for Thy saving grace,
The glad assurance of a place,
The hope of mercy from above,
The boundless measure of Thy love.

Since Thou Thy fullest gifts bestow,
Our hearts are filled to overflow;
In zeal we "overleap a wall";
We find in Thee our All in All.

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